THE MAN ABOUT TOWN.

A Chronicle and Review of the Doings of the Day, at Home and Abroad.

REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

No. 53. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1870. Price TWOPENCE.

Here and There.

AN officer who has just returned from Paris states that the fortifications are of such a nature as to defy escalade.

Mr. Henry Selfe Selfe, one of the magistrates presiding at the Westminster Police-court, died on Tuesday afternoon. The learned gentleman was in his 59th year.

Thanksgiving services for the harvest were held in Buckingham parish church on Sunday last, and collections amounting to *43l. 5s. 2d.* made on behalf of the sick and wounded in the present Continental war.

A translation of "The Mystery of Edwin Drood," by Mrs. Van Westrheene, is being published in the Netherlands. Two numbers have already appeared.

The death is announced of Guiseppina Pellico, the sister of Silvio Pellico, whom he mentions in "Le Mie Prigioni." Her death took place at Chieri, and she is said to have left a volume of memoirs, which is shortly to be published.

A Parliamentary return just issued states that the total number of our serviceable rifled guns is 5,325, of which 1,723 are muzzle-loaders and 3,602 breech-loaders. Of these 586 are available for land service, 1,778 for sea service, and 2,961 for both services. The Royal gun factories are capable of producing 500 guns of various calibre per month. The number of hands which could be properly employed in the factories is 2,000; the number now engaged is 750. The time required for the manufacture of wrought-iron muzzle-loading rifled guns is best stated as one week for each inch of calibre; thus, a 7-inch gun requires about seven weeks to manufacture it up to proof. This assumes that the guns are being made in numbers, that the factory is well employed—a single gun could not be manufactured in the time named—and that they are of natures of which we have patterns already.

Jollet attribue à Daumier, dans l'*Illustration*, un joli mot sur les bourgeois retirés à la campagne :

"L'ennui les ronge, disait-il, et ils se retirent là pour mourir de leurs rentes."

Mr. Prescott Hewett wishes it to be understood, in correction of a report contained in a medical contemporary, that he has not visited professionally his Majesty the Emperor Napoleon.

It is reported, in quarters exceedingly well informed, that England will, in conjunction with France, as soon as a stable government is formed across the Channel, declare war with China to obtain that satisfaction for the Tientsin massacre which appears to have been refused, and to secure material guarantees against a repetition of such an outrage.

"Des deux Napoleons les gloires sont inégales,
Et les moyens sont inégaux :
L'un prit à l'étranger ses capitales,
L'autre, à son pays ses capitaux."

Mr. Sydney Hall, the artist for the *Graphic* who accompanied the French army of the Rhine, has again been heard of. He disappeared for some time, and there was subsequently a report that he was captured by the Prussians as a spy. He has now written from Nancy announcing his release, and that during his detention he was very well treated by his captors. He will henceforth accompany the Prussian army in the capacity of artist.

Probably no act of the French Senate became it better than that which immediately preceded its dissolution. This was to make arrangements for converting the whole of its palace into a vast ambulance. M. Daudet, Chef du Cabinet of the Grand Référendaire, is organising the beds, three hundred in number. Madame Rouher and the daughters of M. Ferdinand Barrot, are organising the nursing. M. Nélaton, senator, and MM. Boyer and Constantin Paul, Physicians of the Senate, will be the resident medical officers. The soldiers will occupy the two orangeries and the grand gallery facing the garden. The officers will occupy the little Luxembourg and the official *salons* of the president. Each senator has subscribed for five beds.

Entre deux médecins.

"As tu gagné beaucoup d'argent avec tes séances de vaccination ?"

"Non ? mais je me suis fait une clientèle nouvelle qui me rapportera plus tard."

"Oui, quand tes vaccinés auront la petite vérole !"

MM. Paul de Cassagnac and Robert Michell, two well-known Parisian journalists, are prisoners with the army of Sedan. They have not been wounded.

The intelligence of the surrender of the Emperor Napoleon and of the capitulation of MacMahon's army was received in London about ten o'clock on Saturday morning. The sensation which it created is without parallel in living memory. Vast crowds surrounded the newspaper offices, and the special editions were disposed of with inconceivable rapidity. The excitement amongst the French residents in London was tremendous. By eleven o'clock the startling news had been telegraphed throughout the length and breadth of the kingdom, and in many towns demonstrations in honour of the German victories took plaec.

The news of the surrender of the Emperor Napoleon created immense excitement at Liverpool on Saturday. At first the bare telegram without date or locality, was received with incredulity, but when the official report from the King of Prussia was posted, the cotton market at once became exceedingly animated, and prices advanced fully ½d. a pound, speculators coming in while the spinners were debating as to the truthfulness of the news. The sales, though officially declared at 15,000 bales, were generally supposed to exceed that amount, and though the market closed a trifle easier, the advance of the morning did not quotably recede. On the Stock Exchange, prices advanced at a bound fully 1 per cent, and the market—usually quiet on a Saturday—was exceedingly animated. Crowds surrounded the telegraph pillars in the news rooms up to a late hour, and the Germans (who are very numerous and influential in Liverpool) were exceedingly jubilant, and the newspapers were in greater demand than ever, even the London morning papers, which did not contain the news of the capitulation, being eagerly purchased, in many cases at fully 100 per cent. of the regular sale price.

A correspondent at Metz informs us that a letter from Marshal Bazaine, commanding the French Army in Metz, has just fallen into the hands of the Prussians. It is addressed to his wife, and is sufficiently interesting. He says: "As far as I am concerned I shall await the course of events. My army is entirely with me, and as soon as Napoleon shall have been dealt with as he deserves, I shall be prepared to disclose certain propositions which he has made to me that will at once place me in a proper position with the new Government." So much for French gratitude.

In passing—says a correspondent, describing the aspect of the Imperial apartments at the Tuileries when broken into by the mob—through the suite of rooms which had belonged to the Emperor and his son, the first thing that attracted attention was a child's sword lying on a sofa, half drawn from the scabbard; while on the floor in the same room, amid a litter of torn numbers of the *Gaulois*, the *Opinion Nationale*, and the *Figaro*, lay the holster of a revolver. In all the drawers broken jewel-cases were to be seen. In the Empress's drawing-room was discovered the Palace diary, with the page relating to the 4th of September half torn away. In the corridors, which are ordinarily kept lighted, the lamps seemed to have been recently extinguished, and to have left behind them a faint odour of oil. In another room were the remains of breakfast, which had evidently been cut short. It was of very simple fare, consisting only of a boiled egg and bread and cheese. A Garde Mobile with a good appetite made short work of this homely repast a little later. In the Emperor's apartment were a number of Prussian maps, busts and statuettes of the Prince Imperial, an unfinished outline of a bust of the Emperor, a number of plates representing Prussian soldiers and officers in uniform, some annotated volumes, amongst them a book by M. de Mirecourt; and a Greek cap surmounted by a peacock's feather, and bearing in gold letters, inscribed on the lining, the initials "C. L. N."

Before getting away from Namur the Prince Imperial was detained for two hours in the office of the station-master, owing to a succession of contradictory orders. There he was interviewed by several persons, and appeared very worn and fatigued. In reply to some one who was expressing sympathy with his misfortunes, he was heard to say, "All that is nothing if France can be saved."

The Princess Mathilde has been arrested at Dieppe, at the house of the dramatist, M. Dumas *fils*. A large number of boxes filled with objects of art and valuables have been sequestrated.

Notice has been received from the French Post-office that the next mail for India, &c., will, in order to avoid Paris, be sent by way of Amiens, Rouen, and Tours, to Marseilles, which will cause a delay of twenty-four hours. As the least inconvenient arrangement for the public, the mail will be despatched from London on Friday night, as usual, and the packet will await its arrival at Marseilles. A longer delay than twenty-four hours would be caused by sending the Indian mail through Germany and thence to Brindisi.

"A few—a very few—theatres" says a Paris correspondent, "now try furtive representations. A scanty troop of timorous people come into the pit and boxes with orders; listen, scared, to more scared comedians, who try to piece out a faulty vaudeville by bringing forward a woman with a hoarse voice to sing the 'Marseillaise,' and by sending round a new deal box, smelling terribly of turpentine, ruddled with the familiar red cross, and labelled 'Tronc pour les Blessés.' 'Trunk for the Blest?—what is that?' asks Cadsby from Bevis Marks. Curiously enough, Cadsby is rather prevalent in Paris just now. He has come, Heaven knows whence—from Switzerland, from Belgium, from Jersey or Guernsey, it may be, in an egg boat—but the same Cadsby—ignorant, impudent, and stupid—with his 'Puggree' that never was worn in a climate hotter than the Isle of Wight—with his *alpenstock* fitter to surmount Haverstock-hill than Monte Rosa. Opiniated Cadsby—at the Grand Hotêl and elsewhere—has decided opinions. 'I told you so,' he says. 'The Prussians are everywhere. Organisation, my boy—organisation. That's what it is has licked you. The Prussians are organised, and I'm going off to London to-night.' Thus Cadsby; and thus several millions, I have no doubt, of Anglo-Saxon readers."

Cherchez si vous voulez de quel personnage grincheux et lâchons le mot—soit, le Gil-Blas du *Centre gauche* veut parler, quand il dit:—"On ne sait comment le prendre, c'est une cruche sans anse;" le mot est joli.

Plus loin, M. Hatté parle d'un homme d'esprit à qui l'on conseillait de se marier.

"Votre femme, ajoutait-on ne s'ennuierait pas."

"Parbleu," répondit il, "si elle est jolie, elle s'amusera comme une autre."

A story which is going the round of the German papers may be new to our readers. It relates to an innkeeper at Dusseldorf. When the first batch of prisoners arrived there he persuaded one of them to escape from the carriage, and succeeded in bringing the prisoner to his inn. He installed him in one of his largest rooms, and made it known that a French prisoner was in his house. Crowds flocked to see him, and the astute innkeeper did a roaring trade in refreshments. But his good fortune was short-lived. The police heard the news, and instituted inquiries which led to the removal of the prisoner, and the incarceration of the innkeeper.

Shade of the deceased Warren, what do you think of this?

THE DIRECTORS of the PALAIS ROYAL, Argyll-street, Oxford-circus, announce that, for the first time, the WHOLE of the famous WORKS of the greatest living master of execution, and the art challenger of the world, Mr. NATHAN HUGHES, are NOW ON VIEW, from 11 a.m., till 10 p.m., in the Grand Contest Studio, 100 ft. by 90 ft., and 45 feet high, gorgeously decorated by Defries, and every evening the collection is lighted "a giorno," by electric light, at eight o'clock (a startling novelty), while Miss Eliza Newton (from the United States), in Greek costume as the Genius of Fine Art, delivers a dramatic discourse from the great stage, and the champion of living artists paints against time, practically illustrating his mode of execution.—Admission 1s.; children, 6d.; reserved seats, 2s.

DRAMAS FOR THE DRAWING ROOM.

MARTIN GOULD.

A DOMESTIC DRAMA, IN FOUR ACTS.

(*Continued from page* 283).

SCENE VI.

MARTIN GOULD. VAUGHAN.

Gould. At last we are alone. Why do you avoid me?

Vaughan. I do not avoid you, sir.

Gould. No; you receive me as I could wish to be received after a six-months' absence!

Vaughan. Forgive me! (*Takes his hand with emotion.*)

Gould. Richard, you are unhappy. What is it?

Vaughan. You have been told?

Gould. I have been told you are out of spirits; discontented; at war with the world. That you mistrust your friends, wish to make a fortune all at once, and talk of giving up your profession. That you are in a bad way. Tell me what it means. What ails you?

Vaughan. Nothing.

Gould. When nothing produces such results the case must be serious. Why do you want to be rich?

Vaughan. If for nothing else, to repay you.

Gould. Richard, you are ungrateful.

Vaughan. My best friend, No. Do not dream that I imagine I could ever repay you with money. You have been all the world to me. I am indebted to you for everything I possess: from the education which enables me to earn my bread, to every virtuous feeling and every generous impulse that stirs my heart. If by thought or deed I may ever seem to forget the weight of obligation I am under to you, believe that I am not myself, and that my better nature has deserted me. But, though I can never repay the best part of your generosity in money or anything else, there is a part which must and ought to be repaid like any other debt of honour. I am content to take your affection as a gift. But my education has cost you more than affection. Now that, thanks to you, I have the power of earning my living, and something more, you will not prevent my trying to return your bounty in both ways: your affection by devotion, your money by money.

Gould. You owe me nothing. But I would be the last to reproach you with being over-scrupulous. I think too lightly of money to prevent your repaying me when you can. Let it be so. Consider me your creditor: but a creditor who can, and will give you time. I trust in you; and I know you will not abuse my confidence. You shall pay me out of your savings. The debt has taken fifteen years in accumulating: you shall take the same time in repaying it. This day fifteen years we will talk of it again.

Vaughan. I cannot wait.

Gould. You have another motive then; what is it?

Vaughan. Do not ask me.

Gould (taking him by both hands). You want something that money will buy, and will not tell me what it is: you will not refuse me the pleasure of giving it to you?

Vaughan. You cannot give it me.

Gould. Is it so costly? Well, it shall be a loan then; and you shall repay the two together.

Vaughan. It is too much either for a gift or a loan.

Gould. How much?

Vaughan. A fortune.

Gould. You must wait. Fortunes are not made in a day.

Vaughan. Sometimes.

Gould. By way of inheritance, yes.

Vaughan. And by other ways too.

Gould. By speculation? yes—and lost too. But even speculation requires capital.

Vaughan. I have a thousand pounds.

Gould. Is it possible you have saved a thousand pounds?

Vaughan. I have borrowed them.

Gould. Ah! and you are going to risk them on the Stock Exchange?

Vaughan. No: the Stock Exchange requires a certain combination of chance and skill. Chance is worried into an unnatural alliance, and too often deserts her votaries in their need. If I seek chance, I confide myself to her unreservedly. I deliver myself up to her bound hand and foot. I trust her blindly: and I believe she will be touched by my simple faith, and reward it. If I gamble, I—

Gould. You would play!

Vaughan. Well?

Gould. And if you lose—

Vaughan. So much the worse for me!

Gould. For the lender of the £1,000, you mean: or rather for me.

Vaughan. For you?

Gould. For me. No one lends £1,000 without some valid security. Your friend knows me.

Vaughan. He does.

Gould. He knows my affection for you, and that if you lost I should pay.

Vaughan. You should *not*. Your name has never been mentioned in the matter.

Gould. Your creditor would sue you: you would be arrested, and I should release you. You know I should not suffer you to go to prison.

Vaughan. Don't let that idea disturb you. I promise you that disgrace shall never fall on me. If I lose—

Gould. You will commit suicide. You would have no right. Your life would belong to your creditor; it would be his property, and you could not in honour dispose of it. Your death would be a— *(checks himself)* a fatal mistake. You would live, Richard: you would be imprisoned, and I should pay. That is the state of the case. A usurer has designs on my purse, and you are an accomplice. I recommend you to consider that side of the question. Do not hope that when you have lost, and are arrested, I shall say, "It is his own fault, he must suffer for his folly." No, I warn you that I shall pay. Play, if you dare. But remember my threat: I will never desert you.

Vaughan. You take advantage of your kindness.

Gould. Give up this project, Richard!

Vaughan. Ask me anything else.

Gould. Have you completed the arrangements?

Vaughan. I shall complete them to-day. I am going to sign the bond this afternoon.

Gould. Thank heaven! The evil is not irrevocable. You will not sign, Richard? You will be reasonable? I will convince you. We will talk the matter over when I return. I must go to Liverpool to-day. I shall, I trust, be able to return in two or three days. You will do nothing until I come back? Promise me this.

Vaughan. If I do not complete the business to-day, I shall miss the chance.

Gould. You will find some other lender.

Vaughan. You said just now that £1,000 was not so easy to borrow.

Gould. This one will wait. I shall be back in two days at the latest.

Vaughan. He has given me until to-night. If I do not close at once he will lend his money elsewhere.

Gould. Richard, I implore you to wait my return. I am obliged to leave London—obliged by reasons I cannot explain, but cannot neglect. You know that I who love you, and see whither suffering of some kind (I know not what) has brought you, would not lightly leave you when you would stake your fifteen years of labour, your profession, your liberty, your conscience, upon the colour of a card or the numbers on a pair of dice. You will not condemn me to remain?

VAUGHAN *is silent.*

Gould. Well, it must be so. I shall remain.

Vaughan. Your presence will not change my resolution.

Gould. Oh, yes it will. Here, I shall not let you out of my sight. I shall go home with you. You will not turn me out, and must keep me company. As you are no longer a doctor you will have no visits to pay. But no: you will not oblige me to do this! Think, I ask but forty-eight hours delay! I *must* go to Liverpool: my duty, my affection, almost my honour, is engaged. The welfare of my dearest friend is at stake. Is that not enough? Well then, my own happiness is involved. I cannot tell you what I hardly dare breathe to myself, but if I do not go to Liverpool I shall miss the opportunity of being happy. Refuse me now, if you can! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

VAUGHAN. MARTIN GOULD. MRS. SOWERBY. DALTON. AMY.

Mrs. Sowerby (to DALTON). To purchase land! I fancied water was more in your way. But I suppose one is as good as the other, if you men of business can make anything out of it. But Amy can't be a judge of timber, why take her?

Dalton. Well, perhaps she would be better at home. What do you say, Amy?

Amy. I go with you, papa.

Vaughan (aside). Ah!

Dalton (to GOULD). We are ready, Martin.

Gould (to VAUGHAN). You have yielded, Richard?

Vaughan (shakes his head).

Gould. You will not? My dear Dalton, I will join you at the earliest possible moment.

Dalton. You are not coming with us?

Gould. Unexpected business—

Dalton. In so short a time?

Gould. You believe me, Charles?

Dalton. I believe nothing. Come, Amy!

Amy. Good bye, aunt.

Mrs. Sowerby. I shall go with you to the station.

Vaughan (to AMY). You are determined to leave us, Miss Dalton?

Amy. I cannot leave my father. Good bye.

Vaughan. Au revoir?

Amy. Adieu!

Dalton (to AMY). Come.

Amy. And Mr. Gould?

Dalton. Does not go with us.

Gould. I shall be with you to-morrow. To-night if possible.

Dalton. Don't inconvenience yourself. Every one for himself. *(going.)*

Dalton. Charles!

Gould (turns round). Well?

Gould (to VAUGHAN). Richard, for the last time I implore you.

Vaughan. I cannot.

Dalton. Well?

Gould. Impossible!

Dalton (to AMY). Let us go, my child.

[*Exeunt* DALTON, AMY, *and* MRS. SOWERBY.

Gould (to VAUGHAN). My affection for you has cost me dear this day, Richard.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

DIARY OF THE WAR.

THE war which was declared only seven weeks ago has been marked by events more signal than any that have been crowded into the same space within the memory of this generation. The present crisis offers a favourable opportunity for taking note of the succession of the principal occurrences.

July 14. The French Government calls out the army reserves.

15. M. Ollivier announces in the Legislative Body, amidst great cheering, that France has resolved to make war. Great excitement in Paris, and crowds throng the Boulevards, singing the Marseillaise, and shouting *Vive la Guerre*. The King of Prussia arrives at Berlin from Ems, and is received by upwards of 100,000 persons, who cheered him, and sang the National Anthem.

16. The Emperor receives the members of the Senate at St. Cloud, and M. Rouher, in an address, says, "Your Majesty has occupied the last four years in perfecting the armament and the organisation of the army."

18. The Legislative Body grants war credits of 515,000,000 francs.

21. The North German Parliament votes supplies. The King of Prussia sends a hearty message to the King of Bavaria, the latter having declared against France. The first shot of the war is fired in a skirmish near Saarbruck.

22. The Emperor receives an address from members of the Legislative Body, and declares that war is right when it is waged with the assent of the country. Six Prussian army corps are ordered to be placed on a war footing. The Prussians blow up the abutment on the Baden shore of the bridge at Kehl.

23. A French envoy notifies to the Prussian Government a declaration of war. The Emperor issues a proclamation, throwing the whole responsibility of the war upon Prussia.

24. Slight skirmishes at Gersweiler and near Saarlouis. Prussian Lancers blow up the viaduct of the French railway between Sarreguemines and Haguenau. Admiral Bouet Willaumez hoists his flag at Cherbourg, and the Empress visits the fleet.

27. A decree is published appointing the Empress Regent during the absence of the Emperor.

28. The Emperor leaves St. Cloud for the seat of war, and at 7 p.m. enters Metz. Fourteen French cities are proclaimed in a state of siege. The French fleet is seen off Copenhagen.

30. The first detachment of the French army of Rome arrives at Marseilles.

31. The King of Prussia issues a short address "To my People," amnesties all political offences in consideration of the general uprising, and departs for the seat of war.

August 2. The French attack and carry the heights commanding Saarbruck in presence of the Emperor and the Prince Imperial. The French mitrailleuse is used in this engagement for the first time. The *Official Journal* declares that the war has been undertaken from a desire to free the South German States and Denmark from the persecutions of Prussia.

4. A Council of War is held at Metz, attended by Marshals MacMahon and Bazaine, at which a plan of operations is agreed upon. While it is sitting, the Crown Prince of Prussia falls upon a portion of

MacMahon's army corps at Weissenburg, and all but annihilates it. General Abel Douay is killed and 800 prisoners are taken.

5. The victory at Saarbruck causes great rejoicings at Paris. In the evening the reverse at Weissenburg becomes known, and an angry crowd break the windows of MM. Léon and Dreher, money-changers, and M. Hirsch, a banker and broker.

6. The Crown Prince attacks MacMahon in a strong position on the hills above Woerth, and after six hours of hard fighting, totally defeats him with the loss of 6,000 men, thirty pieces of artillery, six mitrailleuses, and two eagles. At the same time General Frossard's army corps, which holds the heights above Saarbruck, is attacked, and after a hard fight which lasts all day, driven back in confusion and with great loss upon Metz, leaving his encampment behind him. De Failly, occupying a position between those of MacMahon and Frossard, hastily retreats without having been attacked, and is lost to view for nearly a fortnight. In Paris a false report of a grand victory of MacMahon, who was said to have captured the Crown Prince of Prussia and his army, causes unbounded enthusiastic excitement. Suddenly it is found that the report is false, and the reaction is terrible.

7. A telegram from the Emperor Napoleon announces the disasters of the previous day, and adds, "All may yet be well." The Empress convokes the Chambers; the people demand arms; the department of the Seine is declared in a state of siege, and a permanent Council of the Ministry is established at the Tuileries.

8. The Imperial Guard, and Bazaine's, Ladmirault's, and Frossard's corps, with a portion of Canrobert's corps, concentrate at Metz.

9. The Chambers meet, and the Ollivier Ministry resigns. Strasburg is invested.

10. General Palikao forms a new Government.

14. The Prussians attack the French late in the afternoon, near Pange and Courcelles; the fight is arrested by darkness under the walls of Metz; both sides claim the victory. The Emperor issues a farewell address at Metz, and leaves the fortress.

15. Bazaine having been appointed Commander-in-Chief, a movement of retreat begins from Metz to Verdun, and is embarrassed by Prussians near Gravelotte.

16. The march is resumed, and the van of Prince Frederick Charles's army, 30,000 strong, attacks Bazaine's whole army at Mars-la-Tour, under the apprehension that it is the rear guard. A sanguinary conflict is sustained by the Prussians against superior numbers for seven hours, until the Hanoverian corps and some Rhenish regiments turn the tide of battle, and the French are driven back.

18. The attempt to cut off Bazaine's retreat is resumed, and the bloody battle of Gravelotte is fought, lasting all day, and resulting in the retiring of Bazaine into Metz.

20. The Camp of Chalons is broken up, and the tents burned. Count Palikao denies in the Chamber that the Prussians won the battle of the 18th.

21. MacMahon enters Rheims.

22. MacMahon leaves for Rethel. The Crown Prince of Saxony assumes the command of 100,000 troops to operate in the Ardennes.

25. MacMahon leaves Rethel, directing his army upon Montmedy by Mezieres and Vouziers.

26. Bazaine makes an attempt to break out of Metz on the Courcelles road, but is repulsed.

29. MacMahon encamps with 100,000 men at Vaux, between Mouzon and Carignan, and De Failly between Beaumont and Stonne.

30. De Failly, on the left bank of the Meuse, and MacMahon on the right, are attacked, and lose 7,000 prisoners, with twenty guns and camp equipage. The Emperor narrowly escapes to Sedan.

31. A long and severe engagement between the plain of Douzy and Bazeilles. The French fall back on Sedan.

Sept. 1. A great and decisive action fought before and around Sedan. Thousands of French escape to the Belgian frontier.

2. Marshal MacMahon, who is wounded, transfers his command to General Wimpffen, who signs a capitulation surrendering the whole army prisoners of war. An immense quantity of military stores, cannons, including mitrailleuses, and horses, fall into the victors' hands. The Emperor sends his sword to the King of Prussia, who appoints him a residence as a prisoner of war.

Epitaphe lue dans le cimetière d'un village du canton de Pavilly (Seine-Inférieure) :—

Ici repose
Un modèle de vertus.
Appréciez, vous qui l'avez connue.
84 ans observant Dieu,
69 ans fermière du même lieu.
Elle faisait la joie du foyer,
La consolation dans l'adversité.
Le dernier mot de sa vie
Fut merci, accordé à son fils !!!
Priez ames dévotes
Pour la femme Lecroq.

INCIDENTS OF THE WAR.

Dr. Russell writes to the *Times* from the battle-field of Sedan :—"As I am writing this there comes news which I hope is not true. It is of the loss of a friend, of one who eagerly pressed to be employed in your service, and who has in that service lost his life in the field. I can scarcely proceed. Perhaps, before these lines reach you, the telegraph will have broken the intelligence to those to whom the blow will be terrible. My last words to him were to warn him that he was not to seek danger, and that in the capacity in which he was then engaged it was his bounden duty not to run risks. It is now five o'clock, and Colonel Walker, in reply to an inquiry, caused by a rumour I had heard, has written to say that the Crown Prince of Saxony informed him that the *Times*' correspondent, Lieutenant-Colonel Pemberton, was killed by his side during the battle, by a bullet. I am so shocked and grieved, as will also be as many friends as a young man ever had when they hear it, by this news, that only a sense of duty impels me to continue my narrative. Had he fallen for his country in battle it would have been some consolation to those he has left to mourn his fate. Cheerful, witty, full of life, spirit, and talent, he has met the death he, above all deaths, would have desired—a soldier's. 'Kit Pemberton dead!' I fancy how these words will fly through many an English home. I have written to the Crown Prince of Saxony, and will try to have his resting-place properly marked, or obtain some clue to its locality. But head-quarters move on to-morrow, and the place, now deserted by the army, where he fell, is many miles away."

The following extracts from a letter from a resident of Cassel are possessed of interest at the present moment :—"Cassel is a very pretty town, and the outskirts are really beautiful. From one of the promenades here, called Belle-vue, there is a splendid view of the surrounding country—high mountains, valleys, and pretty little villages dotted over all, and close at our feet the river Fulda." "On Wednesday we were at a picnic at Wilhelmshohe, a beautiful place, an hour's walk from Cassel. It was formerly a summer residence of the Elector, but, of course, now belongs to the King of Prussia. The grounds are beautifully laid out, and the conservatory is perfectly magnificent. There is an old castle in one part of the grounds—just like what one reads about. You cross over a drawbridge to get into the court-yard, and there is a moat round the outside of the castle, but it is empty now, of course. As the whole place is on the hills the views are splendid, and on the higher summit there is a temple of stone with a figure of Hercules on the top. The road to it from Cassel is lined on both sides with beautiful trees, and in summer, when the leaves are out, the road is almost dark. There is a concert at Wilhelmshohe every Sunday afternoon. It is quite an amusement for us watching people go—some in carriages, but a good many on foot. At Wilhelmshohe there are some splendid fountains, but as they only play on Sundays we haven't much chance of seeing them."

In one of the incidents of Sunday, M. de Olozaga, the Spanish ambassador, was intimately concerned. He was proceeding in his carriage, along the Quai d'Orsay, to the Chamber, when the crowd stopped the vehicle and loudly summoned him to alight. He attempted to remonstrate, but the assailants tore off one of the doors and did other damage. Fortunately some Spaniards happened to be near, and energetically affirmed that the occupant was the representative of Spain. All acts of hostility then ceased. M. de Olozaga was able to walk to his hotel, which was not far off, accompanied by a considerable body of people. On arriving there, the honourable gentleman said :—"Citizens,—I thank you for the respect you showed me as soon as you learned who I was. In doing so you paid a mark of respect to the country which I represent, and which is a loyal ally of France. I therefore thank you in the name of Spain. As to me, if you follow closely the course of events, you must be aware of the deep interest which I feel for your country. Having said so much, I take leave of you with the cry of 'Vive la France!'" These words were received with loud applause.

The following details of the Emperor's surrender appear in the *Soir* :—

"Listen! This is a page of history. Napoleon III. having written to the King of Prussia that letter which has been published, William replied, 'Let him come himself, or he shall be treated as a simple soldier—though that he scarcely merits!' Napoleon then betook himself, in the manner you know, to the farm where the King had established his grand head-quarters.

"When the *calèche* reached the door of the little house, Napoleon alighted, put out his cigarette, and entered alone into the low-roofed chamber where the King, in a General's uniform, helmet on head, walked feverishly to and fro, having his hands crossed behind him. The Prince and the high officers formed a group in one corner of the room.

"It was dusk. The ex-Emperor took off his hat and saluted the King, using the German language. William replied neither by gesture nor by word; he took another step or two, then came and placed himself erect, terrible, before the ex-Emperor, who stood bent, his head uncovered.

"'Sire,' said the latter, still in German, 'I come to say to your Majesty that which I had the honour to transmit to you in writing yesterday.'

"'It is well, *Sir*,' replied the King, whose face was dark with passion, and whose words hissed in the effort to contain himself. 'I have decided that Spandau shall be assigned to you as a prison—as a residence, I mean. You will wait my further orders there.'

"'Sire—'

"'It is said, Sir!' exclaimed the King, striking with his sabre on the dusty floor.

"'*Au revoir*, then, Monsieur, my brother,' said the ex-Emperor, in good French this time. He saluted the different personages present with the utmost courtesy, and went out as calm as though he had just returned from opening the Chambers.

"Outside, he chose a cigarette, which he lighted from the cigar of a White Cuirassier, and prepared to re-enter his carriage, when a general officer came from the King, begging him to pass into an adjoining yard, where the King, who, as it seemed, wished to talk more at length, would send for him. The ex-Emperor said not a word. Escorted by two White Cuirassiers, he passed into the yard, where, beside a stagnant pond, a small wooden bench stood. He went quietly to sit down upon this bench, continuing to smoke, only interrupting himself to look at the water in the pond, and at the staff officer upright before him, who watched his every movement.

"After a quarter of an hour's waiting, the ex-Emperor begged the officer, in French, to get him a glass of water. One of the Cuirassiers brought it. He dipped his lips therein; then, looking at the glass, smiled silently, and, turning towards the officer, said to him, 'Nero, vanquished, passed his last hour beside a pond, in which he drank. I am more fortunate than he.' He drank all the water, and, giving back the glass, added, 'It is true that my reign never resembled his,' and then betook himself to smoke again.

"After a long half-hour a general officer came from the King, begging him to enter the room where William was entirely alone. They remained there an hour and a-half by themselves, talking in low tones. What did they say? At the end of the interview the ex-Emperor stepped into a postchaise, bearing the King of Prussia's arms. . . . . The people round King William say that it is his intention to keep his prisoner at Spandau all his life."

Madame Pauline Lucca, we regret to say, has been made a widow by the unhappy war. Her husband, the Baron von Rahden, has expired from a wound received in the battle of Gravelotte.

The deposition of the Napoleon dynasty was voted in the Corps Législatif about one o'clock on Sunday afternoon. At two o'clock M. Pietri—then prefect of police—rushed breathlessly into the Empress's apartments at the Tuileries with the startling announcement and warning: "The *déchéance* has been declared. I have not a moment to lose. Save your life, Madame, as I am now hastening to save my own!" The Empress found herself alone with her old and trusty secretary and friend, Madame le Breton, and with M. Ferdinand de Lesseps, who both earnestly urged her to fly at once. But her high spirit made this a most unpalatable counsel. It was a cowardice—*une lâcheté*—to desert the Palace. She would rather be treated as was] Marie Antoinette by the mob than seek safety in an unworthy flight. For a time all persuasion was useless, but at length her Majesty's mood calmed somewhat; she saw the utter uselessness of remaining, and, accompanied only by her tried friend, issued into the street at the bottom of the Louvre. There they hurriedly entered a common *fiacre*, not without a risk of detection on the spot; for a diminutive *gamin de Paris*, not more than twelve years old, shouted, "Voilà l'Impératrice!" Luckily, no one about heard or heeded him; and the cab got safely away with the two ladies. They drove to M. de Lesseps' house in the Boulevard de Malesherbes, where the Empress sat until she was joined by M. de Metternich, who did what he could to facilitate her departure to a place of safety. Later in the evening, the Empress, still accompanied by Madame le Breton, drove to the Gare du Nord, escaped all detection—thanks to the thick veil which she wore—and at seven o'clock rolled safe and unsuspected away towards the Belgian frontier.

When the Prussians came into Sedan they were very sore and angry at the sight of all the destruction and waste that had taken place. What must have pleased them still less was the state in which they found the military chest. As soon as surrender was resolved on, the French officers were told to make out the best accounts they could, present them immediately, and receive payment. Naturally, the accounts thus brought in soon proved sufficient to empty the treasury. Officers demanded and received payment for horses that were not killed and baggage which had not been lost. Demoralisation showed itself in every way. Even the standards were burnt or buried, an act of bad faith not to be palliated even by the grief and rage of a beaten army.

THE THEATRES—THIS EVENING.

RINCESS'S.—Wanted, a Thousand Milliners—The Rapparee—The Happy Man. Seven.
GAIETY.—Lischen and Fritzchen—Quaker—Bluebeard. Seven.
OLYMPIC.—Poppleton's Predicaments—Handsome Is that Handsome Does—Undine. Seven.
STRAND.—The Idle 'Prentice. Seven.
ROYALTY.—Our Nelly—Julius Cæsar—Deaf as a Post.
NEW QUEEN'S.—My Wife's Dentist—'Twixt Axe and Crown. Seven.
VAUDEVILLE.—Chiselling—Two Roses—Don Carlos. Half-past Seven.

The Man About Town.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1870.

THE first NAPOLEON was said to have been deeply impregnated with fatalistic superstitions about lucky and unlucky days, and by an odd coincidence the fifteenth of the month frequently brought with it events of importance in his career. He was born on a fifteenth to begin with. The attempt to assassinate him made by a German youth named STABS in 1809 occurred on a fifteenth—the 15th of September. The burning of Moscow began on a fifteenth; it was a fifteenth which saw the commencement of the fighting which terminated in the battle of Waterloo, and that year, it will not be forgotten, was 1815. A great number of other illustrations might, no doubt, be quoted. NAPOLEON I. must have lived through a good many fifteenths—twelve of them every year; and it would have been odd, perhaps, if some of them had not been signalised by great events. NAPOLEON III. might, perhaps, make out a case for seconds. The *coup d'etat* took place on a second. On the 2nd of August he opened the present campaign at Saarbruck; and on the 2nd of September he has surrendered himself a prisoner to the King of PRUSSIA after reigning the absolute master of France for eighteen years.

The Prussian strategist, VON MOLTKE, is said to have expressed an opinion that the Algerian training of so many of the French Generals is unfavourable to proficiency in war; leading them to despise rules drawn from the practice of the great masters of the art, and inclining them to rely on improvised expedients, and in the worst case repairing all mistakes with the bayonet. If this be so, then their practice has been condemned beforehand by a higher authority than VON MOLTKE. Marshal ST. CYR has preserved in his Memoirs the record of an exceedingly interesting conversation which NAPOLEON held with his generals one evening at Dahme, near Dresden. The loss of the battle of Dennewitz by NEY having led the EMPEROR to speak of the difficulty of making successful war, ST. CYR ventured the remark that it was extremely doubtful whether the longest experience or practice was the best school for learning the art of a commander; and that of all the Generals, whether French, Russian, Austrian, or Prussian, who had been seen at the head of the armies of Europe since the Revolution, not one, without excepting even the EMPEROR himself, had gained by experience. NAPOLEON did not hesitate to endorse this remarkable opinion: he admitted that his first campaign in Italy was his *chef d'œuvre* in war, and avowed that he "knew but one General who had gained by experience, and that was TURENNE, whose great ability was the result of profound study." We suspect that the EMPEROR'S remark covers the secret of this most extraordinary campaign. The dashing *hommes de guerre* of the Empire have been beaten by that which made TURENNE a great captain—a mind that, preserving its freshness by constant activity, and keeping itself open to the influx of ideas, has gained the keenest insight, while the faculties of the French Generals have been corrupted and enfeebled by the luxury of the Second Empire.

If the German gambling houses have been practically closed to foreign visitors this year by the difficulties thrown in the way of travelling about the Continent, there seems to be one part of the world where every facility is still offered to persons desirous of gambling, whether to the extent of throwing away a few pounds, or of dissipating large fortunes. In New York, it appears, public gambling is carried on just now on a colossal scale. Laws against it certainly exist in America; but New York is so abnormal a city in many ways that we cannot feel any great surprise at hearing that they are evaded. In a town where the speculations of mercantile men are in some cases carried on by the help of courts of law notoriously bribed to give decisions in the favour of the bribers, it does not seem unnatural that the local imitators of M. BENAZET should find means to "square" the authorities. Passing over the curiosity we may feel as to the manner in which this is practically accomplished, we come to the facts detailed in a very elaborate descriptive article published by the *New York Herald*. The gambling houses are classified in this exhaustive disquisition into no fewer than ten groups. Those lowest in the scale are establishments called "Policy or Exchange Offices." These are "vile dens" in the lowest parts of the town, and are patronised by negroes, "with whom playing at chance games amounts to a constitutional disease." Then there are sailors' gambling-houses, where cards, dominoes, or faro are played, and where "fairness is never known in the play," which is said to be a "bold game of cheating, and when not cheating, downright robbery rules." Gambling-houses, which are also houses of ill-fame, constitute a class by themselves. A fourth class consists of lager beer saloons, with a specialty for gambling; and another of eating-houses engaged in the same supplementary occupation. The five classes above these aim at getting the custom and the money of people who are better off than those who frequent the places already referred to. We need not here notice them all, because the chief interest of the description centres in the account given of a single establishment that is *sui generis*, and constitutes the tenth class by itself. This place is "Chamberlain's" a house in Twenty-fifth-street, where gambling takes place on a princely scale. Servants, in a handsome hall, take the visitor's hat and coat; he is shown into the "parlour"—an Americanism which signifies drawing-room or *salon*, which is "a scene of unexpected luxuriance," carpeted in velvet, with softly upholstered cushions to match, according to the glowing and enthusiastic description in the *Herald*, which cannot say enough of the gilt tracery, carved scroll work, and ceilings treated by an artist's hand. On going into this scene of unexpected luxuriance at eleven o'clock in the evening we are told "it is found filled with the customers of the house. They sit around in the easy chairs, smoke, order wines, and discuss the topics of the day." In an adjoining apartment, where the play goes on, there is a sideboard with "decanted liquors and the choicest cigars," but the hospitality of this *buffet* is nothing to that which is offered to the guests in other parts of the establishment. The writer whose impassioned effusion is before us cannot say enough of the Epicurean feasts, the dazzling effect of the rooms "flooded with brilliant light from the pendant chandeliers," or of the gastronomical delicacies provided for supper. All these attractions are freely bestowed upon the visitors, even on many who do not play, if their presence is not distasteful to the regular customers. Faro is the game patronised in this Transatlantic CROCKFORD'S. After minutely describing this, with many relapses in reference to the Epicurean feasts and the decantered liquors, the *Herald* closes its edifying contribution to the annals of New York by some moral reflections, not especially original or striking, but from the midst of which we gather some hints concerning the manner in which Chamberlain's is kept up, not without their significance. "When a vice," it says, "rises above all others, above them all combined, and struggles at power, has a voice in legislation and influence at the courts, and has enlisted as its supporters the leading politicians of the day, it is truly a question of exceeding gravity." Having arrived at this conclusion, the *Herald* contents itself with declaring that it has no remedy to propose—that "men not attainable by persuasion," whatever that may mean, "are seldom reached by morality." Without attempting to fathom the ethics of this proposition, it appears to us that in a city where an illegal gambling house has a voice in the legislature and influence at the courts, not to mention its being supported by leading politicians, it can hardly be affirmed with truth that gambling is the vice which has risen "above all others."

It is high time that, at all events, a section of the institution called Barnet Fair were improved from the face of the earth. The first and second days of that remarkable gathering are devoted to the, perhaps, legitimate attractions of the Horse and Cattle Fair. But business requires to be followed by relaxation, and accordingly on the third takes place the Barnet races, and what is called the pleasure fair. On that day the stout farmers with their sticks to thrust into the ribs of the beasts, and the horsey men who hiss and yell as the frightened animals are trotted up and down, more or less disappear; but their place is rapidly filled by a fresh reinforcement of London roughs and London pickpockets. Nothing is easier than to describe the amusements of "fairing" at Barnet. They reduce themselves to two, which have the prized advantage that the votary of pleasure may pursue them simultaneously—drunkenness and debauchery. But there are forms of drunkenness, as there are forms of debauchery. Now the peculiarity of a suburban fair is that it selects the lowest form of drunkenness and the lowest form of debauchery. "What," a stranger might ask himself, "have the inhabitants of this place done to suffer this terrible infliction? Why should they be doomed to this annual incursion of ruffianism? Why should they have their roads molested for days together by tramps who know when to whine and when to threaten, and who combine the practice of theft with the profession of beggary?" In other commercial transactions we do not think it necessary to invite the attendance of as many roughs as we can collect, or to make the place a rendezvous for every tramp within fifty miles. It is difficult to see why it should be impossible to sell horses and cattle without these orgies of blackguardism. Certainly it is not in the interests of the beasts. Indeed, the Society for the Suppression of Cruelty to Animals might find ample occupation both in the Fair and on the roads to it. JUVENAL hoped that in some remote corner of the Roman world the antique virtue might still survive; and so we may cherish a fond belief that in distant country places, even in these days, pleasure fairs may be found, the humours of which, if not very refined, are still tolerably innocent. But is it reasonable to suppose that such a phenomenon could exist within ten miles of London? If there be any one who can for a moment entertain such a supposition, let him take the train to Barnet, and judge for himself. The same consideration which led to the suppression of Bartholomew, of West-end, and of Greenwich Fairs, apply here. Every year the evil of these assemblages increases with fresh facilities of locomotion. Every year the trains bring down more and more of the worst characters in London. The nuisance of these suburban

fairs has been long neglected; it is to be hoped it will at last meet with due consideration.

London Lyrics.

No. 37.

Her lashes were wet, it was strange as yet
For so timid and young a bride;
Her cheek was pale, but it told no tale
To the husband by her side.

Her voice was low, it was ever so,
Her hand was icily cold;
But nothing was wrong, she was never strong,
In the merriest days of old.

She was weak and young, and, they said, unstrung,
The summer days would tell,
And she sadly smiled—she was but a child,
And said summer would make her well.

But the days went on, and the spring was gone,
And her feet grew dull and slow,
And she drooped and bent, like a lily rent
By the force of an unseen blow.

The roses grew red, the forget-me-not-bed
Was blue as the Heaven above,
But ere they could fade she was quietly laid
By the side of her old, old love.

The Grumbler.

SMOKE? certainly I smoke; and talking of smoking reminds me of a conversation I had about the war the other evening. Who with? Why, with a most intelligent German—one Hermann von Krout, sole owner and proprietor of the brilliant plate glass and gas-lit tobacco establishment frequented by, and the rendezvous nightly of, all the youthful, idle, and self-nominated aristocracy of Little Poormansworth. Who is Von Krout? Why, I have just told you; the Great Tobacco Dictator and Small Bill Discounter of Poormansworth. Originally a retailer of oranges in the winter, and of lead pencils and cheap penknives in summer, in and about the neighbourhood of Houndsditch and Little Britain, having no doubt previously left his own country for his country's good, he sought the shores of Great Britain, somewhat after the manner of the Romans in search of the natives, or rather of the pearls to be got out of them. He, Von Krout, however, found his earliest pearls among swine; for though a "Cochon" indisputably himself, like most of his genus, he contrived to make means by the sale of the article he objected to masticate. Fortunate in Houndsditch, he next touted for a distinguished and most successful money lender and advertising Friend to Gentlemen in Difficulties, in which respectable business he afterwards set up for himself somewhere in the West End; till he ultimately retired to Little Poormansworth, where his active, grovelling, but business-like habits, disdaining idleness, he purchased the shop I have just mentioned to you, and wherein he now sells villainous bad tobacco at outrageous prices, and occasionally does the discounting, when a favourable opportunity presents itself. Young Sinister Base, I told you of last week, is a constant *habitué* and staunch supporter of the establishment. Must be a "nice" sort of person, Von Krout? Certainly, a very nice party, and it was at his residence at the West End where I first had the opportunity of making his valuable acquaintance. The fact is, a nephew of mine, a rash, dissolute, gallant young scapegrace—who, of course, will inherit all my valuable freehold landed property, situate and being in the county of Middlesex, and contained in the flower box now outside my bedroom window, and which, facing the south, would form a most admirable site for building purposes, if there was only sufficient of it,—well, my nephew, Aurelian Augustus, who was then in the Third Bombardiers, and quartered at an outlying fort in the Island of Sark, having like a man—nay, nine million nine hundred and ninety-nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine men before—lent his godfathers' and godmother's best gift and father's patronymic to back the bill of a pool-playing brother officer that sluggishly hung fire, and which, after many hair-breadths of "tare and *treat*," at last got advanced to discount, and somehow or other got into the sharp-dealing but very dirty-nailed hands of Von Krout. The valuable document, bearing its only real value in the shape of the Somerset House stamp proving fifteen shillings had really been paid for it, carried the promise to pay in three months more than twice the worth of the boy's commission. It was my agreeable duty to seek Von Krout, and assure him that the gallant young officer whose signature he had so confidingly honoured, by not only advancing some rather insignificant sum of *bonâ fide* current coin of the realm, but with a delicacy and feeling for the taste of the young, inexperienced, and gallant Ensign of Her Majesty's Third regiment of Bombardiers, thrown in a meerschaum pipe, handsomely mounted in ormolu, by Sanguinée, of the Rue St. Antoine, and originally intended for the Second Tycoon—no, I mean to grace the window of Cavendish, Shagg, Claypipe, & Co., of Tottenham-court-road—as also one hundred-pound case of Von Krout's own best Walworth Cabanas; a delicious bit after Hobbima, and that little *chef-d'œuvre*, "Les Voleurs" after Teny*ears*. Well, so liberal, so generous, yet so cautious had been Von Krout's conduct in the transaction, that when the aforesaid *little* bill or account became due, feeling that Aurelian Augustus might very probably worry himself, not only out of his regiment, but out of the way, seeking to find the means to pay what he must well have known no ensign in her Majesty's bombardier's had ever possessed, much less himself, Krout very thoughtfully had Aurelian Augustus locked up at the residence of his—Krout's—old and early friend, Aaron Abednegos. And so Aurelian Augustus, whose mother (for his father had been some years dead) having but a paltry pension of say £60 per annum, paid quarterly from some Queen Ann, Elizabeth, or Bloody Mary's bounty, wrote to me; and I, naturally loving the lad with all the affection of a near relation who will *do* anything, but *advance* nothing, sought an interview at once with Von Krout, and owing to my accidentally being the possessor of another singular document, bearing a very respectable signature, but written by Von Krout without the respectability's permission, authorisation, or sanction, Aurelian Augustus was at once liberated from his difficulty, and Von Krout and I have preserved an intimacy ever since, always marked by respect and hatred on his side; and contempt, good breeding, and disgust on mine. Well, sauntering into Von Krout's the other evening, to shelter from a shower, on my way from the train, and having politely declined to the offer of one of his best Patagonian Cauliflowers, the last shipment of Lastras Maduras, of Little Poultney-lane, we naturally fell into conversation; and the conversation was naturally also the only one that can possibly take place in a tobacconist's, bar, or beer-shop, or, indeed, in any other place where men or the many most do congregate. "Vell, Mr. Growler, and vat you tink now of de var?" "Why, old fellow, that your people have come out wonderful." "Yees, yees, you zee dat ve hav take de Emperor, and zend him to Cassel." "Oh yes, I know all about that—just as you took and locked up my nephew, Aurelian Augustus, you remember." "Tush, tush, ve vill not talk of dat: how is de goot lad? vun general now, I s'pose?" "Not exactly; but I've no doubt he soon will be, or in his grave, if you Germans batter down Paris." "Ve shall do it—ve shall do it, if dey go on; yeez, ve shall do it." "Don't make quite so sure of that, my old friend. You know we are all very German by dynasty, and have been a great deal too much so by all that is nasty: the first we can't help—the second we can. The first, our Sovereign's mother—Albert the Good, of immortal memory—our own beloved Princess Royal—*et hoc genus omnes*—make us—but this is germane to the subject. Well, the Prussians were dead against us in the Crimean war—robbed Denmark—stole Hanover, and, as far as England has been concerned, have ever been the greatest humbugs out." "Oh mein Gott, mein Gott! vot shall I hear—vot shall I hear, Mr. Growler? And dat Emperor—dat Emperor—vot you shall say of him; ah, vot? Vy, he have make all de var—he have make all de death—all de blood: vy he not go and die himself on de field? Vy, ah vy?" "That is just the question I wanted to answer to a much greater power than you, Von Krout. Yes, to several good people who have been writing most charming articles, but most terrible stuff, about the folly of the Emperor Napoleon not having found death at his own seeking, and, in other words, rushed madly into the field, and died in the battle before Sedan. Bah, what nonsense! The writers of those exceedingly clever and interesting articles have doubtless heard and would do well to recall the little episode of one of the great fights in olden time on Moulsey Hurst, when one of the combatants, who had been most frightfully punished, after some hours hard fighting, had been beaten all but out of time, and his backers just about to throw up the sponge, was suddenly and vociferously addressed by a friend, who had a whole '*pot* of mint sauce' upon him, "Why, hollo, Jem! you aint going to give up, man?—go in and win: you aint had half enough.' 'That's all very well, and may be true; and if you think so, why, you go in and have the other half,' was the sagacious reply; and the one, Krout, I make to you, and all those who urge such nonsense and absurdity, to say nothing of the morality of going in for death—and for what? No, Von Krout; though the Emperor be prisoner for the moment, as you say, at Cassel—though France be now a Republic—England will not, cannot forget the greatest, best, and truest ally France has ever offered her; neither will anything a Republic may do eclipse the glorious recollections of the empire under Napoleon III."

"When the moon shone we did not see the candle,
So doth the greater glory dim the less:
A substitute shines brightly as a king,
Until a king be by: and then his state
Empties itself, as doth an inland brook,
Into the main of waters."

Mer. of Ven.

The Man in the Stalls.

A NEW comedy drama, from the pen of Mr. Tom Taylor, entitled *Handsome Is that Handsome Does*, was produced at the Olympic on Saturday evening. In accordance with a custom, which has been extending of late, Mr. Taylor's piece has already been performed for a few nights at a Manchester theatre; but these provincial experiments are understood to be nothing more than public dress rehearsals preparatory to a performance on a London stage. Destined for the Olympic, and written with the manifest object of furnishing Mr. Compton with a leading part, *Handsome Is that Handsome Does* was, therefore, virtually performed on Saturday for the first time; the occasion attracting an audience which literally overflowed from the stalls into the orchestra, where rustling silks and opera hats were observed to seriously impede the elbows of violinists.

The leading idea which has governed the conception of Mr. Taylor's work appears to have been that of introducing on the stage the manners and customs of the people of the Lake district of Westmoreland, somewhat in the way in which the peculiarities of the people of Brittany are turned to account by French dramatists. For this purpose he has imagined the irruption into a quiet Westmoreland dale of several young gentlemen, members of a Cambridge reading party, with their "coach," a companion who is by no means disposed to interfere with the pleasures and amusements of his pupils. The romantic passion of one of these young students, the Hon. Henry Cleveland, for Elise Fleming, a daughter of one of the old dale farmers—the sturdy "statesman" whom Wordsworth has made familiar to us—furnishes the simple love story which is the thread of the drama. Elise has already a lover—a simple village schoolmaster, whose profound knowledge of mathematics has procured him a recommendation from the village clergyman to instruct young Cleveland in that science. But she has evidently no deeply-rooted love for the plain schoolmaster. The young lord's attractions dazzle and attract her against her will, and even unconsciously; though she rejects them with dignity on the ground of disparity of station. Meanwhile, both the father of Cleveland, Lord Claremont, and his ward, Florence Conway, who has been betrothed to Cleveland in a vague way, arrive unexpectedly on a visit. Lord Claremont quickly discovers the

position of affairs between his son and Elise; but Florence, who is an impulsive young lady, with a moderate propensity to slang, takes kindly to the dalesman's daughter, and a romantic friendship is speedily established between them. It is in the course of the girlish confidences which thus spring up between them that Elise learns the fact that Henry Cleveland is the affianced husband of her friend; afact which furnishes her with new motives for rejecting him, for she now suspects him of treachery. Meanwhile the schoolmaster is equally shaken in his faith in Elise, having discovered that he has been made the medium of carrying letters between her and the young nobleman written in sympathetic ink. One of these missives informs him of an assignation made between the two at Codale Tarn, among the mountains; and the schoolmaster, who has already had some sharp encounters with the young lord, determines to be at the trysting place. This furnishes the climax of the piece. The rosy sunset among the mountains turns suddenly to dusk and the premonitory signs of a great storm, during which the rival lovers meet and struggle on the edge of a precipice. Joshua Garthwaite, the schoolmaster, who has a true lake country faculty for wrestling, and has publicly thrown the young Cambridge man in a village match, again obtains the mastery, but spares the life of his adversary. At the moment when Elise arrives Joshua had already saved the young lord from toppling helplessly over the same dangerous crag only a few minutes before, but the fates are against his antagonist, for a gust of wind or a flash of lightning finally overthrew him, and Elise fell senseless on seeing both her lovers suddenly disappear. The weakness of this scene as a culminating point in the story is so obvious that it is surprising that it has not struck a dramatist so experienced as Mr. Taylor. The incident has no necessary relation to the previous story; for it can hardly be pretended that surreptitious love making, or the hard-hearted jilting of a faithful lover has any direct tendency to produce storms in the mountains of Westmoreland, or to hurl a young gentleman over a precipice; while the needless repetition of the idea of a fall decidedly weakens the effect of the catastrophe. The concluding act which passes in the old Dalesman's house produces, moreover, somewhat of the effect of an anticlimax. The rescue of Cleveland by the schoolmaster, whose agility in descending rocks has previously been insisted on, and the restoration of Elise by a searching party had been clearly foreseen by the audience, who rather coldly acquiesced in the young nobleman's relinquishment of his claim to the love of the Dalesman's daughter in favour of his rival. The curtain finally descended amidst the applause of the audience; but some signs of dissatisfaction during the progress of the drama were not without good grounds. The three super-boisterous young men, and the familiar pale copy of Mr. Bancroft's exquisite, who perpetually drawls out the words, "Deuced bad form," are not amusing, and the Cambridge reading party have hardly any function in the drama beyond that of making time for the building of set scenes. A Westmoreland jig, danced before one of the "carpenter scenes," would be a welcome exchange for the forced vivacity, the characterless insipidity, and the false Latin quantities with which these gentlemen and their coach tried the patience of the audience; but the "local colour" in the drama has an unfortunate tendency to superabundance. The wrestling scene, in which "the great Keswick wrestlers, John Beeby and John Graham," make their appearance, bears marks of a careful study from the life; but its coarseness and noise were distasteful to the audience, who evidently regarded it as resembling too closely one of those displays of the prize ring which were the delight of a less refined generation. Attempts to introduce on the stage phases of life hitherto neglected by the dramatists are rarely ventured upon by inferior hands; and a partial failure in this way is far more worthy of respect than the most skilful reproduction of those tried elements of stage success with which the mere playwright is content. Mr. Taylor is one of the few of our dramatists who have the courage to look from the stage to the world, and to lead what may be called the "forlorn hope" in dramatic experiments. We cannot however help thinking that some fallacy lurks in his theory of reproducing studies of life upon the stage. Westmoreland folks can no doubt be made very interesting without any departure from strict nature; but it is a mistake to suppose that anything they say and do must be worth reproduction on the stage. If they delight in straining one another's muscles and throwing each other violently on the ground in the midst of a yelling and excited mob, it does not necessarily follow that a faithful picture of their doings in this way must be pleasant to contemplate. Then there is the question of dialect. There is really no reason why dalesmen on the stage should talk in such a way that scarcely a third of their utterances are intelligible to the audience. Mr. Taylor's theory of nature would, we presume, stop short of making the characters in a Welsh village talk Welsh. A slight tinge of dialect is sometimes effective in marking a locality, but Mr. Taylor's characters rival each other in unintelligibility; and what is worse, seem to have each a dialect of their own. Mr. Belmore's dialect is, we believe, unexceptionable, and it affords another example of the painstaking with which he combines a real genius for pourtraying character; but his pains are, in this instance, in great degree wasted. The fact is the more to be regretted as his performance of the dalesman is really a very fine piece of acting. His characteristic denunciations of modern civilisation, and his interpretation of the signs of a coming storm over Codale Tarn, seemed to be passages of rare poetical power and dramatic energy; but their effect was certainly more than half lost for the reasons we have indicated. Mr. Compton's schoolmaster is far more intelligible. His perpetual quotations of proverbs and lines from the Latin grammar, and his tendency to indulge in mathematical illustrations, are as conventional as Dominie Sampson's "Prodigious," or Commodore Trunnion's perpetual introduction of nautical metaphor; but they give abundant opportunities for introducing his quaint inflections of voice and droll abruptness of manner, which were amusing, though certainly out of keeping with the part of the earnest lover of Elise Fleming. Miss Reinhardt, in this latter part, is the very perfection of a rustic heroine, without a trace of pertness, self-consciousness, or over acting. The part of Florence Conway is performed by Miss Maria Jones, a young lady hitherto unknown to London audiences, though manifestly well acquainted with stage business. She acts with spirit and grace, but with a slight excess of gesture, and occasionally with a rather forced display of animal spirits. She should study the subdued outlines of fine artistic touch of Miss Wilton's performance of *M.P.* The scenery of the comedy is remarkably effective.

On Monday last the "Grand Barmaid Contest," of which we have heard so much by advertisement, opened; and in spite of the very unmistakeable appearance put in by Jupiter Fluvius, a numerous assemblage gathered in the North Woolwich Gardens to inaugurate a festival which, whatever else we may think of it, is at all events *sui generis*. Prizes to the value of 300*l.* are to be presented on Saturday next to the successful candidates, varying from a purse of twenty sovereigns and a gold watch and chain, down to "a purse of two sovereigns," with "various other prizes, consisting of jewelry, &c." Among the conditions it is required, that every "young lady" shall be over sixteen years of age; that she shall be dressed in *plain* but *good* articles of attire, "in which a happy blending of colours without prominent display is most suitable;" and it is moreover stipulated that each "young lady" shall "ingratiate herself with the public in the most affable manner at her command, without undue forwardness or frivolity, but still retaining a strict attention to business." No "young lady" is permitted to take part in the contest unless she has been in the refreshment business for twelve months, and can produce good testimonials of character.

Upwards of 700 applications were made, out of which Mr. Holland selected fifty. Whence the large number of rejections "deponent sayeth not." Of these twenty-eight actually put in an appearance at three p.m. on Monday, and four are expected to join in a day or two. Every visitor is provided with a voting ticket, which he hands to the lady of his admiration, and which counts towards the prize. Each "young lady" also receives five per cent. on what she sells at her bar. The places are awarded by lot; and, by a freak of fortune, the two most attractive demoiselles happened to come close together. These are numbers 1 and 14. The former young lady—who desires to be known by her number only, true genius being ever modest—will certainly stand No. 1 in popular esteem; and, if chignons are taken into account, she ought literally to "head" the list by a very long way. The room was tastefully decorated by Messrs. Defries; and an excellent band, conducted by Mr. Davis, enlivened the proceedings. As evening drew on, the meeting grew more hilarious, but there was not the slightest impropriety of any kind—the faintest approach thereto leading to immediate expulsion.

Many persons may be disposed to ask, in respect of such exhibitions, *cui bono?* But, at all events there was nothing which the veriest Cato could denounce as demoralising. The "young ladies" were all most modestly attired in "sober livery;" and certainly—though comparisons are odious—not so pressing in their attentions as we have seen some other young ladies at Dramatic Fêtes, or even some *dévouées* at charitable bazaars. If we may judge from the large numbers that visited North Woolwich on Monday, "in spite of wind and weather," Mr. Holland is likely to reap an abundant harvest from this latest "idea" excogitated from his fertile brain. As the babies have had their "show," and the stronger sex is not likely to be equal to the task of being exhibited just yet, there seems only one section of society open to the speculations of a skilful *entrepreneur*. Why does not some one, in a more serious line than Mr. Holland try what Sydney Smith calls the "third sex," and open an exhibition of curates, with a genuine competition for prizes. There could be no possible doubt as to the success of such a display, and the instruction to be derived from it would be equally beyond question. In the meantime we have advanced one step towards such a consummation. The adult human being has taken the place of the baby; and people evidently like it. Where will the rage for exhibitions stop? Who can say to the advancing tide of shows, "Thus far shalt thou go and no farther?" Other classes of society will probably have their turn, and may think themselves fortunate if they show up as well as Mr. Holland's "young ladies."

The Turf.

THE ST. LEGER.

ALL the horses that have performed in public, and their "form" at one time or other, is pretty well known. Notwithstanding all the nonsense which is annually written about the "mare's month," we cannot see where the mare is to come from who is likely to lower the colours of the best performers of the stronger sex. At one time there was a good deal of talk about Fragrance, who was to avenge the previous defeats of the descendants of Voltigeur, and carry the famous "spots" to triumph on the Doncaster moor; but now, even the most sanguine of the excited Tykes seem to abandon all hopes, and no longer expect salvation from such a quarter.

We expect to see a field of about a dozen mustered at the post selected from the following:

Palmerston.....	Brocket—Rita.....	Chaloner
Kingcraft	King Tom—Wooderaft	French
Wheatear	Y. Melbourne—Swallow.....	Morris
Exciseman	Saunterer—Lady Elizabeth ...	Hudson
Bonny Swell ...	Macaroni—Bonny Bell.....	Jeffrey
Captivator	Caractacus—Miss Hawthorn..	Fordham
Alaric.....	Monarque—Liouba	Custance
Sunlight	Stockwell—Sunflower	Snowden
*Macgregor ...	Macaroni—Necklace	—
Stanley	Knowsley—Allegra	Osborne
Normanby	Thormanby—Emily.....	Hunt
The Boy.....	Kettledrum—Scarlet Runner.	Wyatt
*Camel	Thormanby—Eastrn. Princess	Grimshaw
*Tabernacle ...	Newminster—Mrs. Wood ...	Goater
*Champion ...	Skirmisher—Fistiana	Maidment
*Hawthornden.	Lord Clifden—Bonny Blink...	—
*Sarsfield	Yorkminster—Ereney mare...	—
*Valois	Monarque—Bourg la Reine...	—

* Doubtful.

KINGCRAFT, it is said, is bound to win. We have so often known moral certainties which have come to nothing, that we cannot look upon the St. Leger as one of those events which are as "good as over." Kingcraft is either a craven-hearted customer or a most uncertain horse. He looked well enough at Newmarket, and yet was never in the hunt with Macgregor. It is said that he is a

"dainty" horse, and cannot stand much work. Be it so. Last year, if not inferior to Sunshine, he certainly was not her superior, and Macgregor was so much superior to the bald-faced mare, that no reasonable amount of weight would have brought them together. Whilst we cannot say very much against Kingcraft—for he won the Derby like a racehorse, and he really is the handsomest son of King Tom we ever saw—we cannot, on the other hand, say so much in his favour as would justify our readers in backing him at his present price. He belongs to a good man, will be well trained, well ridden, and all that sort of thing. He may, perhaps, beat everything else, but at his present price he cannot be worth backing for a place.

PALMERSTON is a very good-looking horse, with size, power, and quality. His neck looks uncommonly long, but then we have over and over again seen such necks possessed by thorough stayers. Palmerston has not been seen in public since the Derby, and, therefore, nothing is known of him except such knowledge as might be acquired by watching his running in that race. He made most of the running at a very slow pace, to be sure, and we thought at last he lacked speed to finish with, for Kingcraft passed him as if he were standing still. Now speed, as well as staying power, is necessary in a St. Leger horse, and we cannot, therefore, see how Palmerston is to reverse his position with Kingcraft if it should be all right with the crack. Palmerston will be going on when most of the others are pumped out, but we cannot believe in his absolute success, or that he can beat Kingcraft, and, possibly, Bonny Swell. He will be ridden by Chaloner, which is much in his favour, as Chaloner has had more than his share of St. Leger successes, having ridden four winners in the last nine years. Two of those successes were attained by sheer ability, and nothing else, and the other two were such runaway affairs, that probably any other jockey would have won on Achievement and Formosa, and Fordham, with his usual ill luck in great races, actually gave up his mount on Formosa to ride Paul Jones. Such is fate. But we believe on this occasion that Chaloner will be beaten not by a superior jockey, but because he will have superior horses against him—horses, in fact, so much superior to Palmerston—that the advantage of his jockeyship will not be sufficient to turn the scale.

CAMEL, like Palmerston, has not been out since he ran in the Derby, and he then made such an inglorious exhibition of himself after being backed and bonnetted for to a pretty tune, that if our versatile friend "Augur" wants an "imposter" to denounce or to write down, he ought to pitch upon Camel, for there are few horses who have made more noise in the betting world, and who did so little to deserve the esteem in which their "metallic" friends professed to hold him. But Camel is quiet enough now, and as he achieved his only successes at Doncaster last year, he may, if he starts, run better on the Moor than he did on the Downs; but what then? he can't win, and is not worth backing at any price whatever, for Normanby will turn out the best horse in the Bedford Lodge stable.

WHEATEAR, if she runs, will be started more with the view of making play for Kingcraft than of winning on her own account, if her companion is able to do so, and therefore she cannot be worth backing so long as Kingcraft maintains his position.

With respect to MACGREGOR, we have just learnt by telegraph that he has broken down; we need not, therefore, enter at any length into his merits, as we still believe that, had he gone to the post, our remarks of last week would have been fully justified. Having said so much, what occasion is there for us to descant upon the relative merits of such vermin as Sarsfield, Stanley, Champion, and Valois?

NORMANBY will, we believe, perform better at Doncaster than he did at York, but then he may be far off winning. Still, we would sooner back him than we would invest money on Kingcraft, The Boy, or Tabernacle, all of whom seem to be held in higher regard than Normanby.

To sum up, as we are compelled to abandon our especial favourite, and from what has reached us from a reliable source, we believe that the best investment on the St. Leger will be CAPTIVATOR to win, and BONNY SWELL and NORMANBY for places.

LATEST BETTING.

GREAT YORKSHIRE HANDICAP.

100 to 30 agst Geant des Batailles (offered).

ST. LEGER.

65 to 40 agst Kingcraft (offered; 70 to 40 taken and wanted).
4 — 1 — Palmerston (offered; 9 to 2 taken),
10 — 1 — Macgregor (taken and offered; 5 to 1 taken at first, and 100 to 6 once laid).
1000 — 90 — Captivator (taken).
100 — 8 — Sunlight (taken and offered).
25 — 1 — Tabernacle (taken and offered).
500 — 15 — Wheatear (taken and offered).
100 — 3 — Normanby (offered).
100 — 3 — Hawthornden (offered; 40 to 1 taken).
800 —100 — Captivator, with a start (offered).
11 — 10 — Macgregor running (offered).
5 — 1 — Mr. Merry's lot (offered).
100 even on Sunlight v. Macgregor best 1, 2, 3 (offered).
6 to 1 agst Wheatear 1, 2, 3 (taken).
10 — 1 — Alaric 1, 2, 3 (taken).

SALE OF COUNT DE LAGRANGE'S STUD AT TATTERSALL'S.

The principal lots were Général, Alaric, Mortemer, Trocadéro, and Gladiateur, and as each was introduced to the notice of the dense crowd in the yard, they were greeted with loud and continued cheering. It was utterly impossible to hear the remarks made by Mr. Edmund Tattersall eulogistic of the make, shape, character, and soundness of the horses, as the attendants led them under the rostrum, but it was very evident that they made the desired impression on the gentlemen who, on business intent, were stationed in and around the immediate neighbourhood of his pulpit. On his right, Admiral Rous was a conspicuous object of attention; on his left was Mr. Blenkiron. Another gentleman favoured with the *entrée* into the auctioneer's box was Count de Jouay, nephew to Count Lagrange. When the great rakish-looking Général was led into the narrow space set apart for showing the horses, Admiral Rous immediately put him up at 1,000 gs., and Mr. William Wright, the well-known retired commission agent, instantly responded with 1,500. Mr. Walker, who runs his horses under the assumed name of Bromsgrove, then bid 100 more, and Mr. Padwick rejoined with 3,000. Tom Jennings, who had been standing quietly under the rostrum, now appeared on the scene, and gave the backers of the colt for the Derby a straight tip, by a bold offer of 3,500 gs., and he was loudly cheered. Mr. Walker again sent in another shot for 100 more. Jennings then bid 3,700, amidst renewed cheering, but Mr. Padwick—not to be denied—put in a final clincher for 3,800 gs., and the purchase was announced as for the Duke of Hamilton. When it became known that the Duke had bought the colt, every person appeared highly gratified that his grace had so good a chance to win the Derby with one of the very best-looking colts of his year. Not less satisfactory was it that the purchase of this colt renders it about certain that we shall again see the colours of the Duke on the English turf, and that, too, before many weeks are past. Young Tom Carter gave 840 gs. for Alaric, but as Carter is nephew to Tom Jennings, it was generally considered that the colt would be sent back to his box at Phantom Cottage. Black as things are now looking in France, it might have cheered the heart of Count Lagrange to have witnessed the ovation with which Gladiateur was greeted when, with a shrill neigh, he trotted gaily up to the rostrum. After Mr. Tattersall had expatiated on his merits, Mr. Jennings came up with an offer of 1,000 gs. Mr. Walker responded with 3,000, and so the bidding went on in five hundreds at each offer, until Mr. Walker slackened with a bid of 100 more, and Mr. Shrœder (said to be a Belgian gentleman) offered 5,700, when Mr. Blenkiron closed the business with 5,800 gs., and when the hammer dropped it was followed by loud and repeated hurrahs. Mortemer was purchased by Tom Carter for 3,000 gs. Jennings started the bidding at 1,000, and his principal opponents were Mr. Walker and the Duke of Hamilton, but the trainer of the horse, for whom, it was affirmed, Carter was in commission, would not be shook off. Trocadéro, with his rather soft-looking off fore leg, was well sold for 1,400 gs. Boulogne, being a genuine stayer, is a useful trial horse, and was, therefore, one of the cheapest lots of the sale at 300 gs. Turquoise, Croisade, Electeur, Tournal, and La Seine, were all cheap, but La Neva was literally given away.

Bois d'Elle, b c, 2 yrs, by Pigeon Vole—Defiance Gs.
Mr. Toynbee 65
Journal, b c, 2 yrs, by West Australian — Malmsey
Mr. Stephenson 50
Junon, b f, 2 yrs, by Cavendish—Julia, by Teddington
Mr. Vaughan 45
Electeur, b c, 2 yrs, by Ventre St. Gris—Voyageuse, by Ratan.....Mr. Jennings 55
Ophelia, b f, 2 yrs, by Ventre St. Gris—Beatrix, by Monarque.....Mr. Woolcott 90
La Seine, b f, 2 yrs, by Dollar—La Palatine...Mr. Wright 30
Vivandiere, ch f, 2 yrs, by Monarque—Alerte, by Alarm
Mr. T. T. Parker 30
Conquerant, b c, 2 yrs, by Monarque—Lady Nelson, by Collingwood.....Mr. Woolcott 300
Esperance, b f, 2 yrs, by Monarque—Sunrise, by Emilius Gs.
Mr. Woolcott 35
Chassepôt, b c, 2 yrs, by Monarque—Bayonnette, by Nunnykirk or Bon Vivant.....Mr. Dalby 40
Favori, ch c, 2 yrs, by Monarque—Constance, by Gladiator
Mr. Woolcott 125
Gascogne, ch f, 2 yrs, by Ventre St. Gris—Arcadia, by Arthur Wellesley.....Mr. Jennings 250
Jacques Cœur, br c, 2 yrs, by Hospodar—Jeannie d'Arc, by Faugh-a-Ballagh.....Mr. Moyse 40
Julien, b c, 2 yrs, by Monarque—Sweet Lucy, by Sweetmeat.....Mr. Woolcott 350
Messager, b c, 2 yrs, by Gladiateur—Nuncia, by Nuncio
Mr. Lowe 170
Orthodoxe, ch c, 2 yrs, by Caterer—Actress, by Slane
Duke of Hamilton 500
Theodorus, ch c, 2 yrs, by Monarque — Magenta
Admiral Rous 150
Turquoise, ch f, 2 yrs, by Monarque—Stradella, by Cossack or Father Thames.....Mr. Case 320
Croisade, b f, 2 yrs, by Monarque—Vivid, by Vedette
Mr. Lowe 550
Henry, b c, 2 yrs, by Monarque—Miss Ion, by Ion
Mr. W. Wright 1350
Eole, ch c, 2 yrs, by Gladiateur—Fille de l'Air, by Faugh-a-Ballagh.....M. De Gony 70
Général, b c, 2 yrs, by Monarque—Tolla, by Festival or Valbruant—Miss Ion, by Ion.....Duke of Hamilton 3800
Alaric, ch c, 3 yrs, by Monarque—Liouba, by Nuncio
Mr. T. Jennings 840
Bourgogne, b f, 3 yrs, by Monarque—Stradella...Mr. Wolf 40
Fleuriste, b f, 3 yrs, by West Australian—Aricie
Duke of Hamilton 280
Bellone, b f, 3 yrs, by Monarque—Etoile du Nord, by The Baron.....Mr. Lowe 260
Printanier, b c, 3 yrs, by Ventre St. Gris—Miss Ion, by Ion.....Mr. Sherwood 420
Suffren, b g, 3 yrs, by Ventre St. Gris—Yamuna, by Orlando.....Mr. Pym 40
L'Oise, b f, 4 yrs, by Ventre St. Gris—Preferée, by Sir Tatton Sykes.....Mr. Carter 520
Trompette, ro f, 4 yrs, by Ventre St. Gris—Flora Mac Ivor, by Venison.....Count Buissy 110
Boulogne, b c, 4 yrs, by Monarque—Miss Ion, by Ion
Duke of Hamilton 300
La Neva, b f, 4 yrs, by Monarque—Etoile du Nord, by The Baron.....Mr. W. Day 220
Gondolier, b c, 5 yrs, by Monarque—Tolla, by Festival or Valbruant—Miss Ion.....Mr. Rupert 150
Nelusko, b c, 5 yrs, by Monarque—Margaret, by Drayton
Mr. Jennings 250
Ouragan, ch c, 5 yrs, by Monarque—Sunrise, by Emilius
Mr. Merton 185
Mortemer, ch c, 5 yrs, by Compiegne—Comtesse, by The Baron or Nuncio.....Mr. Carter 3000
Trocadéro, ch c, 6 yrs, by Monarque—Antonia, by Epirus
Mr. Woolcott 1400
Montagnard (1864), by Fitz-Gladiator—Millwood, by Sir Hercules.....Hon. C. Fitzwilliam 200
Gladiateur, b h (1862), by Monarque—Miss Gladiator
Mr. Blenkiron 5800

THE PROPERTY OF BARON SCHICKLER.

From the general appearance of the horses sent for sale by Baron Schickler, they are evidently a mere weed out. All the animals were unclothed, and not one in the whole lot would pass an examination as being sound and free from blemish.

L'Escurial, 6 yrs, by The Nabob — Bourg-la-Reine Gs.
Mr. Oldaker 30
Frederick Charles, 6 yrs, by The Nabob—Gabble
Mr. Parker 25
Kœniggraetz, 4 yrs, by The Nabob—Postage...Mr. King 55
Le Mancenillier, 5 yrs, by The Flying Dutchman—Vivace.....Mr. Ireland 65
Le Fakir, 4 yrs, by The Nabob—Volatile ...Mr. Walters 25
Terre de Feu, 3 yrs, by The Nabob—Nova.....Mr. Jarvis 25
Paresseusse, 3 yrs, by The Nabob—Postage..Mr. T. T. Parker 60
Le Batave, 3 yrs, by The Flying Dutchman—Nativity, by Orlando.....Mr. Lewis 50
Gloire de Paris, 3 yrs, by The Nabob—Villafranca
Mr. Lowe 45
Black Girl, 2 yrs, by Vandermulin—Ballet Girl...Mr. Abel 20
La Riviere, 2 yrs, by Argonaut—Vivace.....Mr. Owen 20
Tourbillon, 2 yrs, by Fort à Bras—Belle Dupre...Mr. Parker 25

RACING FIXTURES.

SEPTEMBER.

Doncaster	13	Kingsbury	22
Salop	19	Manchester	23
Hampton Autumn	20	East Somerset	27
Richmond	20	Newmarket 1st October	27
Sutton Park	20	Chesterfield	28
Ayr	21	Lanark	29
Monmouth	22		

OCTOBER.

Curragh	1	Perth	12
Bedford	4	Kelso	18
Edinburgh	5	Cheltenham Autumn	18
Leicester	6	Curragh	18
Bromley	6	Newmarket Houghton	24
Newmarket 2nd October	10		

ANSWER TO ENIGMA.

The answer to the Geometrical Enigma in our last number is

FOOT MILE
¾ = FOO ¼ = L = FOOL,

for attempting to solve a problem of incompatible conditions.

Advertisements.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY-LANE.—Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. F. B. Chatterton.—This Theatre (after having been redecorated) will OPEN for the AUTUMN DRAMATIC SEASON on SATURDAY, Sept. 24, when will be produced a new HISTORICAL DRAMA, written by Andrew Halliday, supported by a powerful Company, with new and characteristic scenery by William Beverly. Stage Manager, Mr. Edward Stirling.—Box-office open Saturday, Sept. 17.

THE LYCEUM THEATRE—Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. Edmund Falconer—will SHORTLY OPEN with a new and original Irish drama, by the author of "Peep o' Day," entitled INNISFALLEN; or, The Men in the Gap.—Box-office open September—Acting Manager, Mr. H. Barnett.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. Benj. Webster.—Open for the season.—THIS EVENING (Saturday), Sept. 10, and during the following week, the performances will commence with Stirling Coyne's Farce, in one act, WANTED, A THOUSAND MILLINERS, in which Messrs. Vollaire, J. Rouse, J. Murray, Misses Marian Hill, S. Morgan, J. Lovell, and Mrs. Stephens will appear. After which, a new Romantic Drama, in three acts, entitled THE RAPPAREE; or, the Treaty of Limerick. Written by Dion Boucicault. Roderick O'Malley, Mr. Hermann Vezin; Pontis Duquesne, Mr. W. Rignold; General Ginckel, Mr. John Clayton; Colonel O'Hara, Mr. A. Rayner; Ulick M'Murragh, Mr. E. F. Edgar; Mountchesnay, Mr. H. Westland; Sholto Vesey, Mr. A. Lilly; the Doctor, Mr. Sheil Barry; Connor Roe, Mr. John Reynolds; Grace, Miss Katharine Rodgers; Patrice, Miss M. Cooper. The Scenery painted by F. Lloyds, Mr. Hann, and Mr. Maugham. To conclude with Lover's laughable Farce of THE HAPPY MAN, in which Mr. Sheil Barry, Mr. Vollaire, Mr. Marshall, Miss Merton, &c. will appear.—Box-office open daily from ten till five.

GAIETY THEATRE, Strand.—Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. John Hollingshead.—7.0. LISCHEN AND FRITZCHEN. Miss A. Goodall, Mr. Perrini.

GAIETY.—7.40. THE QUAKER (6th time), Charles Dibdin's Ballad Opera.

GAIETY.—Miss E. FARREN.

GAIETY.—Miss LOSEBY, Miss TREMAINE, Mrs. Leigh, Mr. Stoyle, Mr. Aynsley Cook. MAYPOLE DANCE.

GAIETY.—8.45 (12th time), OFFENBACH'S

GAIETY.—BLUE BEARD. Three Acts.

GAIETY.—Miss JULIA MATTHEWS, Mr. Beverley, the new Tenor, Miss Loseby, Miss Tremaine, Mr. Perrini, Mr. Maclean, Mr. Stoyle, Mr. Aynsley Cook.

GAIETY.—GRAND BALLET OF FOOLS, and AMERICAN CAN-CAN. Herr CARLE and Mdlle. EMMA CARLE.

QUEEN'S.—Mr. and Mrs. ROUSBY in 'TWIXT AXE AND CROWN,—In spite of the great enthusiasm which still continues, Mr. and Mrs. Rousby can only appear for four nights more. Terminates Wednesday, Sept. 14.

QUEEN'S. — NOTICE. — Mr. PHELPS. — Last four nights of 'TWIXT AXE AND CROWN, which, notwithstanding its great and continued success, must be withdrawn Wednesday, Sept. 14, the 200th night, owing to the forthcoming production of the MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM, in which Mr. Phelps will make his first appearance at this Theatre.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.—Lessee and Manager, Mr. W. H. Liston.—THIS EVENING, at 7, Mr. C. M. Rae's new and original farce, POPPLETON'S PREDICAMENTS. Followed by HANDSOME IS THAT HANDSOME DOES. To conclude with Mr. Reece's admired romance of UNDINE.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.—HANDSOME IS THAT HANDSOME DOES, an entirely new comedy-drama, by Tom Taylor Esq., TO-NIGHT, at a quarter to eight, with new and beautiful scenery, dresses, &c., and in which Mr. Compton will appear.

HANDSOME IS THAT HANDSOME DOES.—Mesdames Mattie Reinhardt, Charlotte Saunders, and Maria B. Jones; Messrs. Vaughan, Elliott, Jordan, Newbound, Robinson, Charles Warner, and G. Belmore, in the new comedy-drama, this evening (Saturday), Sept. 10, at a quarter to eight.—OLYMPIC THEATRE.

HANDSOME IS THAT HANDSOME DOES.—Mr. G. Belmore, Mr. David Fisher, and Mr. Compton in Tom Taylor's new comedy-drama, this evening (Saturday), Sept. 10, at a quarter to eight. Magnificent scenery and effects. Powerful company. OLYMPIC THEATRE.

ROYAL STRAND THEATRE.—Winter Season.—TO-NIGHT, (Saturday) will be produced, on a scale of splendour, a grand, new, and original Hurly-Burly-Esque, by H. B. Farnie, entitled THE IDLE 'PRENTICE. New scenery by Messrs. Fenton and Hall. Beautiful dresses and appointments. Characters by Messrs. Edward Terry, H. Turner, Barnett, C. Fenton, Edge, and Harry Paulton (his first appearance in London), Mesdames Amy Sheridan, E. Bufton, Kate Santley, B. Goodall, J. Lee, Raymond, Metcalf, Farren, Luxmore, Cullen, Lennox, &c. Notice: Doors open at half-past six, commence at seven. Secure your seats at the box-office.

VAUDEVILLE THEATRE, Strand.—Lessees, Messrs. H. J. Montague, D. James, and T. Thorne.—THIS EVENING, at 7.30, CHISELLING. David James (his 7th appearance,) Lin Rayne, Mr. W. H. Stephens, Miss Lavis, and Miss L. Claire.

THIS EVENING, at eight o'clock, new and original Comedy in Three Acts, by J. Albery, TWO ROSES. Messrs. T. Thorne, H. Irving, George Honey, Lin Rayne, W. H. Stephens; Mesdames Lavis, A. Newton, and Amy Fawsitt.

VAUDEVILLE THEATRE, Strand.—THIS EVENING, at 9.45, DON CARLOS, by Conway Edwardes. Messrs. T. Thorne, G. Honey, H. Elton; Mesdames Nelly Power, A. Newton, R. Evelyn, and L. Claire.

NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE, Bishopsgate.—THIS EVENING (Saturday), will be produced the great Olympic drama of LITTLE EM'LY, with all the Olympic scenery, costumes, and effects. The Wreck and the Canterbury Cathedral scenes have been especially enlarged to suit the increased proportions of the stage of this theatre.

DENT, Chronometer, Watch, and Clock Makers to Her Majesty, H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, and H.I.M. the Emperor of Russia, and Makers of the Great Clock for the Houses of Parliament.—61, Strand, and 34 and 35, Royal Exchange, London.

Gold lever watches	£16 16 0
Gold half chronometers, winding with or without a key, from	36 15 0
Gold hunting case extra	5 5 0
Gold Geneva watches, examined and guaranteed, from ...	7 7 0
Silver lever watches, from	5 5 0
Silver half chronometers, winding with or without a key, from	26 5 0
Silver half chronometers in hunting cases, from	27 6 0
Marine chronometers, from	36 15 0
Gold Chains, 16 and 18 carat, from	4 4 0

Drawing-room and library clocks in ormolu, marble, &c., winding with or without a key; dials, brackets, and astronomical clocks of every description. Turret clocks made to order.

E. DENT & CO., 61, Strand; and 34 and 35, Royal Exchange.

THE SUCCESS OF THE AGE.—STEWARD'S ALUMINIUM MACHINE-MADE WATCHES and CHAINS.—Good sound watches, 21s.; superior finished, 30s.; best quality, 42s.; keyless ditto, 30s. and 42s.; Alberts and Chains, 45. 6d., 10s. 6d., and 16s. 6d. A large assortment of Gold and Silver Watches, Clocks, Gold Chains, Alberts, and every description of Jewelry at equally low prices. Quality guaranteed, and any article not approved of can be exchanged. Free and safe by post.—Observe, 200, Strand, south side of St. Clement Dane's Church, London.

THE "BAG OF BAGS."—JENNER & KNEWSTUB'S newly invented and patented TRAVELLING, DRESSING, and WRITING BAGS.

"Jenner & Knewstub have effected quite a revolution in travelling bags."—Post.

"Nothing that the inventors of the A B C Despatch Box may devise need surprise any one."—Punch.

33, St. James's-street, and 66, Jermyn-street.

NEGRETTI & ZAMBRA'S RACE and OPERA GLASSES, in leather cases, one, two, and three guineas. Warranted best manufacture.—Viaduct, E.C.; 59, Cornhill; 122, Regent-street; and 153, Fleet-street. Illustrated list free.

Printed in colours, size 17½ inches by 22½.

SEAT of WAR.—STANFORD'S SHILLING MAP of the SEAT of WAR, embracing the whole of France, Prussia, and Spain, showing also the territories of the neighbouring Powers, and marking all the fortified towns on the frontiers, with all the naval depots. Price folded, 1s.; or mounted in case, 2s. 6d.

London: Edward Stanford, 6 and 7, Charing-cross, S.W.

THE SAILOR SINBAD.—This new Comic Medley, by Mr. HARRY CLIFTON, introducing a variety of the new and popular melodies of the day, is a tremendous success. 24 stamps.—Hopwood & Crew.

HAPPY BIRD, the New Song, sung by Mr. JOHN RAWLINSON, the eminent tenor, and THROUGH THE DELL, the beautiful ballad, sung by Mr. Will Leslie, the celebrated alto, of the Original Christy Minstrels, at St. James's Hall, are encored nightly. 18 stamps each.—Hopwood & Crew.

HANDSOME INDIAN SHAWL for SALE at a great sacrifice, the property of the Widow of an Indian Officer. Apply by letter to W. H. C., 4, Norfolk-terrace, Cowley-road, Brixton, S.W.

MARAVILLA COCOA.—FOR BREAKFAST.—The "Globe" says—"Taylor Brothers' Maravilla Cocoa has achieved a thorough success, and supersedes every other Cocoa in the market."—Sold in packets only by all Grocers.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT.—The following letter has been received by the Secretary of Liebeg's Extract of Meat Company in reference to an announcement made by the London agents of the maker of an Australian Extract, to the effect that they exclusively supply the British Government:

"War Office, 30th May, 1870.

"Sir,—I am directed by the Secretary of State for War to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of 23rd instant, and to acquaint you in reply that the advertisement referred to was not inserted by any authority from this office.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant, "THOS. HOWELL.

"The Secretary,

"Liebig's Extract of Meat Company, Limited, 43, Mark-lane."

"ADVERTISE"
WITH
"POTTLE," ROYAL EXCHANGE.

JOHN BROGDEN'S ARCHÆOLOGICAL JEWELRY. Paris First Class Silver Medal, 1867.
SOLD ONLY at the Original Gold Chain Manufactory.
16, HENRIETTA-STREET, COVENT GARDEN.

COUGHS, COLDS, DEBILITY, &c.—LOEFLUND'S LIEBIG'S EXTRACT OF MALT, a new dietetic preparation for all pulmonary complaints. Used at several hospitals, and strongly recommended by the faculty. Bottles 1s. 9d. each. All chemists. Crosse and Blackwell, Barclay and Sons, Edwards, Sanger, and Van Abbott, Invalid and Infant Dietetic Depôt and Wine Merchant, 5, Princes-street, Cavendish-square, W.

MEERSCHAUM PIPE MANUFACTORY.
L. A. HART, 24, St. Swithins Lane, E.C.
AND 66, HIGH St. GRAVESEND.

THE LARGEST AND MOST SELECT STOCK IN LONDON.
REPAIRS ON THE PREMISES.

CHRISTINE WALTZ. Played at Her Majesty's State Ball. By DAN GODFREY (composer of the Guards', Mabel, Hilda, and Belgravia Waltzes). Illustrated with a portrait of Mdlle. Christine Nilsson as Ophelia, in "Hamlet," to whom it is dedicated by permission. Price 24., post free.

CHAPPELL & Co., 50, New Bond-street.

A WEDNESDAY MILITARY PAPER, 2d. Stamped, 3d. Containing also all the Naval News. See the NAVAL AND MILITARY GAZETTE, published every Wednesday and Saturday Morning. 19, Catherine-street, Strand. The best record of profes.ional information.

HISTORY OF THE BRITISH ARMY, and all the Military and Naval News of the Week, 2d.; stamped, 3d. Every Wednesday and Saturday. See the NAVAL AND MILITARY GAZETTE. 19, Catherine-street, Strand.

PIANOFORTES for HIRE and for SALE, from 25 guineas upwards. JOHN BROADWOOD & SONS, 33, Great Pulteney-street, Golden-square, W.

Manufactory—Horseferry-road, Westminster.

BY ROYAL COMMAND.
JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS.
Sold by all Dealers throughout the World.

E. T. SMITH'S CREMORNE BRANCH, 1, NEW COVENTRY STREET, LEICESTER SQUARE. Luncheons from 1 till 3—Dinners from 3 till 9—Suppers from 9 till 1.

TO BACHELORS and GENTLEMEN DINING OUT ON SUNDAYS. A TABLE D'HOTE at Seven precisely, 2s. 6d., consisting of Soups, Fish, Entrées, Joints, Sweets, Cheese, &c., at E. T. SMITH'S, 1, New Coventry-street, Leicester-square.

THE
QUADRANT HOTEL,
7 & 9, AIR STREET,
One Door from Regent Street.

The above Hotel is now open; also the Large Dining and Private Rooms for Dinners and Suppers.

CHARLES CASTLE, Proprietor,
Late *Chef de Cuisine.*

In the Press,

A FAMILIAR HISTORY
OF
THE BRITISH ARMY,
FROM THE RESTORATION IN 1660 TO THE PRESENT TIME,

INCLUDING A DESCRIPTION OF THE VOLUNTEER MOVEMENT, AND THE PROGRESS OF THE
VOLUNTEER ORGANIZATION,

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE

"Illustrated Life of the Duke of Wellington;" the "Memoirs of Sir William Nott;" the "Military Encyclopædia;" the "Old Field Officer;" the "British Soldier;" the "Familiar History of India;" the "Familiar History of the United States;" the "Volunteers' Hand-Book;" the "Oriental Interpreter;" the "Wonders and Beauties of Creation;" "Fifteen Months' Pilgrimage through Persia, Armenia, Turkey, Russia, Germany, Holland," &c., &c.

PRICE—TWENTY-ONE SHILLINGS.

N.B.—The History is the result of the accumulation of many years, and the labour of many months. No fewer than 170 Authorities have been consulted and are cited.

Printed by AUGUSTUS WINTER, at 3, 4 & 5, Suffolk-lane, Cannon-street, in the Parish of Allhallows the Great, in the City of London; and published for the Proprietors at 19, Tavistock-street, Covent-garden, in the Parish of St. Paul, in the City of Westminster.—SEPTEMBER 10, 1870.